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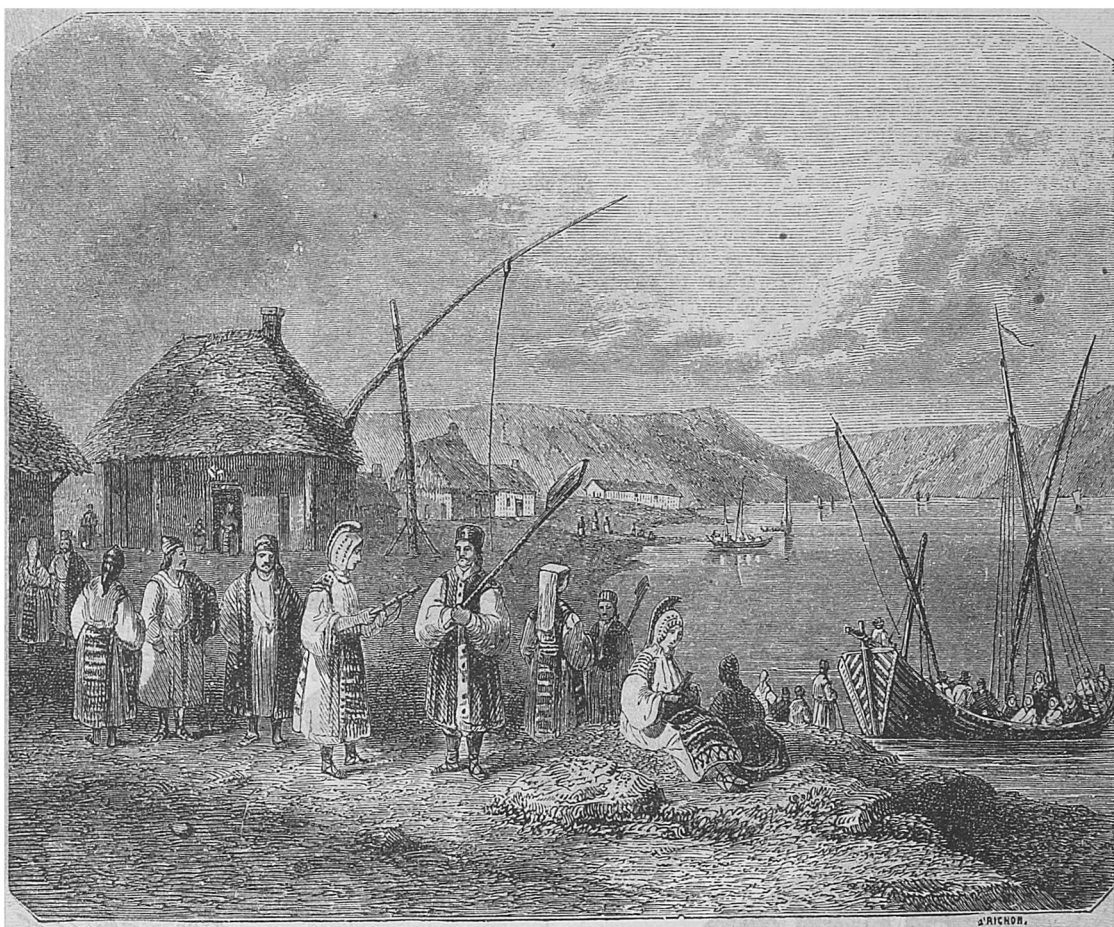
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HUNGARIANS.

ALTHOUGH the brave struggle for Hungarian independence, which about five years ago attracted the attention of Europe and enlisted the sympathies of many ardent spirits, is now a recollection of the past, fading into oblivion through the all-absorbing interest of a yet mightier conflict, nevertheless a few words with reference to the Magyar race may not be altogether unacceptable to our readers. The illustration which we present to their notice is descriptive of a class belonging to what may be termed the working population of that race, and it is to this class that we shall chiefly confine our observations. It must not be supposed that there is any essential distinction between the noble Magyar and his less wealthy fellow-countryman. However diverse their present condition, their origin is the same, and their character radically identical. Of the two, the poor Magyar possesses even more

despises the population of cities, and would consider himself guilty of effeminacy if he were to avail himself of the various conveniences which modern improvement has introduced. He is the *lazzarone* of the desert, accepting thankfully the life which Providence has given him, and sleeping wherever he can find a resting-place—in a shed, under a waggon, or exposed to the sun, wind, and rain.

The poor Magyar can only be a tiller of the ground, a shepherd, a soldier, or a fisherman. For every other employment he has a profound contempt. He regards the soil with veneration and cultivates it with pride. As a shepherd, he passes whole months without going under cover. He may be seen wrapped in his large white cloak, seated Tartar-fashion by the side of the road, following with his eye the smoke as it ascends from his pipe, stroking his long moustaches, and



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interest for the traveller, as retaining more completely the traces of his original condition. He is a recollection of the ninth century living in the nineteenth. He has preserved the national costume—in all its purity, we were going to say—but it would be more correct to say, in all its barbarism and primitive impurity. Ten centuries have passed over this people without materially affecting their character. The Magyar of the present day is a worthy son of the ancient barbarian. His physiognomy, like that of his ancestor, is hard but full of expression. It combines nervous energy with great physical insensibility. Like his forefather, he wears his hair long and well greased, and for dress has a vest made of polished leather, which often serves him instead of a shirt, large trousers, and a sheepskin of many colours, called a *bunola*, which he wears with great dignity. Hardy and careless, he

leading a most contemplative sort of life. He has all the dignity of the oriental character. Like the Turk, he is grave in exterior and manner. Nothing short of a dance to the sound of his national music, or a plentiful potation of the wine of the country, is sufficient to excite him to activity. It is not, however, till after the cares of matrimony press upon him that he exhibits this gravity in perfection.

"In the East," says Madame de Stael, "when they have nothing to say, they smoke together, and bow to each other from time to time, with their arms crossed over the breast to testify their mutual friendship." The Hungarian acts in a similar manner. He is sober in his language, and never free with strangers; but he is frank and faithful, and if he finds a friend in you, will open his heart without any reserve.